

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—At Anderson, near Huntington, Penna., on the 14th, Thomas Crepps, while walking on the track, was assaulted by two tramps and knocked down and gagged. After stealing his watch and a check for his month's salary, which he had just received, they tied him to the track and left him to his fate. By frantic efforts he worked himself partially free, but a passing freight train cut off one of the fingers of his left hand, which he was unable to release from the rail.

—J. C. Gaston, a lawyer of Chester, South Carolina, blew out his brains in Atlanta on Saturday. He was several times Solicitor General, and once a candidate for Congress.

—The Attorney General has been urged to discontinue the criminal prosecutions against the Oklahoma "boom-ers," but has declined until he shall receive assurance that they have permanently and in good faith abandoned their attempts to enter the forbidden Territory.

—Secretary Endicott left Washington on the 16th for Salem, Massachusetts.

—The Roman Catholic church in Unionville, Connecticut, was destroyed by fire on the 15th. The loss is about \$25,000, insurance \$13,000.

—A despatch from Fort Reno says news has been received of a fight between a number of cowboys, at the ranch of Frank Murray, 35 miles south-west in the Chisaw nation. A party of 25 cowboys rode up to the ranch and fired about one hundred shots at the boys inside the ranch cabin, with whom they had a quarrel over burned stock. The boys inside returned the fire, killing "Dick" Covart and seriously wounding "Dick" Jones and "Bob" Woods of the attacking party.

—The New York Board of Aldermen on the 17th, fixed the rate of taxation for the fiscal year at 2.40 per centum, as against 2.25 per centum last year. The aggregate assessment was \$1,371,117,003.

—Chief Clerk, John Tweedale, of the War Department, will act as Secretary of War during the absence of Secretary Endicott. The Secretary will be absent from Washington until October 1st.

—The resignation of Henry J. Armstrong as agent for the Crow Indians in Montana has been accepted.

—W. W. Morgan, ticket agent for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, at Hyattsville, Maryland, committed suicide on the 16th, by shooting himself through the heart. He had only been appointed on the 15th.

—An explosion occurred on the steamboat Samuel M. Felton, owned by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, on the 17th as she was leaving Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, for Wilmington with about 150 or 175 passengers. More than a dozen persons were injured, none, it is thought, fatally, and the damage to the vessel will amount to about \$2000.

—Another meeting in favor of Riel was held in Montreal on the 16th and was attended by about four thousand persons. Resolutions condemning the trial as unconstitutional were passed.

—The train bearing the first installment of tea shipped by the Northern Pacific Road from Tacoma, on the 8th Inst., reached New York on the 17th, making the run of 3373 miles in eight days and four hours, "being the fastest time ever made by a freight train from ocean to ocean."

—A special despatch from Fort Bowie says Captain Davis of the Fourth Cavalry reports that Lieutenant Day struck Geronimo's camp on August 7th and killed three bucks, a squaw, and Geronimo's son, aged thirteen years. He captured fifteen women and children, among them being three of Geronimo's wives and five of his children. Geronimo was wounded, but escaped with two bucks and one squaw. Everything in the camp was captured.

—The New York Democratic State Committee, at its meeting in Saratoga, on the 15th, decided to hold the State Convention in Saratoga on Thursday, Sep. 24. Resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Stanley P. Nichols, of New York; Charles W. McCune, of Buffalo, and Edward P. Appar, were adopted by a standing vote. John O'Brien was chosen chairman in place of Hon. Daniel Manning, resigned.

—The cause of the mysterious explosion on the 17th on board the passenger steamer Samuel M. Felton, near Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, Pa., is still a mystery. A careful estimate places the damage to the boat, which lies at Wilmington, at \$1150. No official investigation of the explosion has yet been made. The persons injured are reported to be recovering.

—A despatch from Derby Line, Vermont, says sixty-five pauper Arabs who were refused permission to land in New York a short time ago, were landed at Quebec subsequently, and are encamped within two miles of Derby Line. "They will pass through here into the United States. They have with them 10 performing bears, 20 monkeys and several horses, supposed to have been stolen, and are a filthy, ragged, desperate crowd who are foraging on the community."

—Colonel Denby, Minister to China, sailed from San Francisco for his post on the 18th. He was escorted to the steamer by Colonel Bee, the Chinese Consul, and other attaches of the Chinese Consulate.

—Julius Converse, ex-Governor of Vermont, died at Dixville Notch, New Hampshire, on the 16th, aged 80 years.

—The Loyal Ladies' League of Pennsylvania held its first annual convention in Reading on the 19th. The object of the organization is to give relief to widows and orphans of deceased Union soldiers, who were honorably discharged from the army. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Henrietta Gerwig, of Allegheny; Senior Vice President, Mrs. Clarinda J. Brunner, of Duncannonville; Junior Vice President, Julia M. Johnson, of Altoona; Chaplain Letitia Boardley, of West Chester; Treasurer, B. T. ...

of Altoona; Conductor, Lizzie Orr, of Allegheny.

—The total contributions in New York to the Grant Monument Fund amount to \$45125.

—On the 19th while cars were ascending and descending the inclined railroad at the Cabin Creek Coal Mines, near Charleston, West Virginia, the loaded cars broke loose and collided with a car, in which were Layton Oakford, President of the road, Thomas Peacock, Amos Mitchell, Joseph Hall, and a man named Thoman, killing the first four named and seriously wounding Thoman.

—While charging a cannon at a picnic at Shenandoah, Penna., on the 19th, John Gillilan, a miner, had his right arm blown off and received other injuries that will probably prove fatal. There was a premature discharge.

—The Democratic State Convention of Iowa met in Cedar Rapids on the 19th. Charles E. Whiting, of Monona county, a farmer, ex-Judge and member of the last Senate, was nominated for Governor on the first ballot, and E. H. Gillette, of Des Moines, for Lieutenant Governor.

—The State Democratic Convention met in Jackson, Mississippi, on the 19th, and re-nominated Governor Lowry on the first ballot. Resolutions endorsing the administration of President Cleveland were adopted.

—The delegates to the Ohio Democratic State Convention arrived on the 19th. There is no organized opposition to Governor Hoadly, and the impression is that he will be nominated on the first ballot. Judge Thurman has refused the use of his name for Governor, and the opposition to Governor Hoadly are not inclined to combine on any other person.

—Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour presided over the Canal Conference in Utica, New York, on the 19th.

—Six Millions gone in Smoke.

"The fireworks season," said a leading dealer in New York, "begins early in February, when the far west sends in its orders. The factories are busy with these until early in the spring, when the states east of the Mississippi begin to stock up. It is a curious fact that, although the north, from Maine to California, lays in a full stock to blow up on the Fourth, not a dollar is spent by the people south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers. They use them only on Christmas day. The demand for all kinds of goods fell off rapidly for two or three years after the Centennial, but for the last five years it has steadily increased, and this year I think will show a general increase all over the country. I don't believe that there was ever before so many firecrackers exploded as on the recent Fourth. From all the data obtainable I should say that there was distributed over the country over 500,000 boxes, worth about \$500,000. Then the big crackers which have risen rapidly to favor, have been more extensively sold than at any other time, the patriotism of the young men who are too old for the old-time firecracker expending itself in producing the unearthly din these big crackers make. Of course I judge at least five million more were blown into smoke and fragments on the Fourth."

"The fireworks manufacturers do their best to discourage the consumption of firecrackers but the young people appear to have renewed the loyalty to these time honored explosives, and our opposition seems to have made but little headway. The fireworks now mostly in demand are of a kind decidedly superior to those mostly in vogue in the past, and the demand for them is not by any means confined to the big cities, but Oregon and Montana was just as good fire goods as we can make. Of these, rockets, Roman candles, and the various colored fires seem to have struck popular fancy. There have been sold this year, I think, fully \$5,000,000 worth of these for consumption on the Fourth alone, so that the day witnessed the disappearance of fully \$6,000,000 in smoke as an evidence of the patriotic feeling of the country north of the Ohio river."

This does not include the new-fangled Japanese fireworks, which are now extensively used for daylight exhibitions. Every visitor of a country fair now thinks the show lacking if the committee does not let off between each heat of the races a lot of these Japanese constructions. Their use, however, is almost entirely confined to such occasions. But few are sold for the Fourth, as the celebrating patriot of to-day, like his predecessors of old, wants just as much noise as possible by day and just as handsome a show by night as money will buy."

While riding through the willows near the head of the west fork of Rock creek, Colorado, Harry Morgan had an experience with a grizzly that will linger about the panels of his memory during life. He rode directly into the embraces of a she bear as large as a five-year-old steer. Bruin tenderly knocked Harry off his horse. Quickly throwing him on her back, she quietly trotted up the stream about a mile, and then, throwing him down in a washout, deliberately covered him over with brush and dirt. After carefully completing her work, madame started after her family. Harry, nothing the worse for the incident save a sense of offended dignity, got out of the brush pile and went down the creek with a speed of an express train. The same beast, a day or two before, caught a large cow belonging to Colonel Morse and killed her at one blow. Any one doubting either of the above stories knows too little of this country to live in it with any safety.

of the slumbering child, and, recalling the touching legend, had dropped in it with a cautious hand a splendid gift, so that the little, deserted creature might, on awakening, still believe in the presents made by the child Jesus, and preserve, notwithstanding her misery, some hope and trust in the goodness of Providence.

A lous! that meant many days of ease and comfort for the little beggar; and Lucien was on the point of arousing and telling her this, when close to his ear, as it were in a dream, he heard the voice of the Pole with his drawing and sly accent:

"For two whole days I have not stirred from the circle, and for two days the 'seventeen' has not come out. You may cut off my right hand if now, in a moment, at the stroke of midnight, that number does not appear."

Suddenly this young man of twenty-three, descended from an honorable race which bore a splendid military name without a stain, conceived a frightful thought. He was seized with a mad, hysterical, monstrous desire. By a glance he assured himself that he was alone in the deserted street, and bending down and stretching forward his trembling hand, he stole the louis d'or from the fallen shoe. Then running at full speed, he returned to the gambling house, bounded up the staircase, burst open with a blow of his hand the door of the crowded and accursed hall, and rushing in at the very moment when the clock sounded the very first stroke of midnight, he threw the piece of gold on the green cloth, and cried:

"All on the 'seventeen'!"

The "seventeen" won.

With a sweep of his hand Lucien pushed the thirty-six louis on the red. He left the seventy-two louis on the same color.

The red again turned up. He made the same venture twice, three times, and always with the same success. He had soon before him a heap of gold and bank notes, with which in a sort of frenzy he strewed the cloth. The "dozen," the "column," the "number," every combination succeeded. It was a supernatural and unheard-of fortune. It seemed as if the little ball of ivory leaping into the compartments of the roulette table was magnetized and fascinated by the look of the player, and obeyed his will. He had won in a dozen bets the few paltry bank notes of a thousand francs, his last resource, which he had lost in the beginning of the evening, and now, wagering two or three hundred louis at a time, and sustained by his fantastic bliss of luck, he was on the way to more than regain the hereditary fortune which he had dissipated in so short a time. In his haste to begin play, he had not taken off his heavy pelisse; already he had filled his large pockets with packages of bank notes and rouleaux of gold pieces, and not knowing where to put his winnings, he stuffed with paper money the inner and outer pockets of his frock coat, the pockets of his waist coat and trousers, his cigar-case, his handkerchief, in fact everything which would serve as a receptacle. And he played like a madman, like a drunken man, and still he won; and he threw handfuls of gold on the table at hazard, without concern, and with a gesture of certainty and disdain.

But all the time he felt as if were a red-hot iron in his heart, and his thoughts turned to the little beggar asleep in the snow—the child whom he had robbed.

"She is still in the same place," he said to himself. "Certainly she must be there still. In a moment. Yes! When it strikes one. I swear it! I will leave. I will hasten to take her in my arms, fast asleep as she is. I will carry her to my home. I will put her to sleep in my own bed. I will bring her up. I will give her a dowry. I will love her as my own child, and I will protect and cherish her forever—forever."

But the clock struck one, and the quarter, and the half, and the three-quarters, and Lucien was still seated at the infernal table.

At last—just before 2 o'clock—the manager rose abruptly and said with a loud voice:

"The bank is broken, gentlemen! It is enough for to-day."

With one bound Lucien sprang to his feet. Pushing aside without ceremony the players who surrounded him and watched him with envious admiration, he left hastily, descended the stairs at full speed, and ran to the stone bench.

From afar by the light of a gas-lamp he saw the little child.

"God be praised!" he exclaimed. "She is still there!" He approached and seized her hand.

"Oh! how cold she is! Poor little creature!" he murmured.

He put his arms around her and carried her away. The head of the child fell back, but she did not wake.

"Ah! how one sleeps at that age," he said. He pressed her to his breast to give her warmth, and then, seized with a vague uneasiness and to arouse her from her heavy slumber, he kissed her on the eyes as he had many a time kissed the woman whom he loved and cherished the most.

But he perceived with terror that the child's eyelids were half open and disclosed the eye-balls glassy, dull and motionless. His brain agitated by a frightful suspicion, Lucien placed his

mouth close to that of the child, but not a breath issued from her lips.

While with the louis d'or which he had stolen from the beggar, Lucien had won a fortune, the child without shelter had perished—perished with the cold.

With his throat contracted by a sensation of the most terrible agony, Lucien endeavored to utter a cry, and in the effort which he made he awoke from his nightmare on the bench of the gambling-house, where a little before midnight he had fallen asleep, and where the waiter, who usually left the last, at about five o'clock in the morning; had allowed him to remain undisturbed by a sentiment of commiseration for the ruined gambler.

A dull December dawn lit up with a pale hue the glasses of the windows. Lucien left, placed his watch in pawn; took a bath, breakfasted, and went to the recruiting office to sign a voluntary enlistment in the First Regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

Lucien de Hem is now a lieutenant. He has but his pay on which to live, but he succeeds in doing this, being an officer of most exemplary habits and never touching a card. It would appear even as he were able to save something, for the other day at Algiers one of his comrades, who happened to follow him at some distance up a precipitous street of Kabza, saw him give alms to a little Spanish girl who had fallen asleep under a gate, and he had the curiosity, indiscreet as it was, to see what Lucien had bestowed to alleviate poverty. He was greatly surprised at the generosity of the poor lieutenant.

Lucien de Hem had placed a louis d'or in the hand of the little child.

Men who Drag Carriages.

Trot, trot, trot, along the smooth, sunny, but bamboo-shaded high road, I have a little leisure now to observe these astonishing rickshaw coolies.

They wear the enormous traditional mushroom Chinese hat, suitable in case either of beating rain or fierce sun, under which are tucked their hair-plaited pig-tails, for even a coolie would feel himself disgraced were he minus a pig-tail. They are barefooted, bare legged, bare armed, and wear just sufficient rags to save themselves from the charge of indelicacy. Their skins are sallow, their Mongolian faces are pinched, their stature is small, their limbs seem attenuated and loosely put together. And yet these demonical looking wretches, to call whom "brethren" is indeed a heavy demand on our charity, throw themselves forward in the shafts and drag their carriages with their passengers, who may be ten or may be twenty stone, not at a walk or a shuffle or an amble, but at a good round trot of about six miles an hour. They neither flap, pant or perspire, but keep up this pace for two or three miles at a stretch. Would not the most renowned European athlete or pedestrian be but a feeble coney in comparison? Moreover, these coolies have to content themselves at the end of their journey with five cents; a cent is a fraction less than a half-penny. They exult if they receive ten cents, and consider the donor an utter fool if he gives them fifteen cents.

The Leaves of Plants.

It is generally supposed that in autumn the leaves of deciduous trees drop off because they die. My impression is that most persons would be very much surprised to hear that this is not altogether the case. In fact, however, the separation is a vital process, and, if a branch is killed, the leaves are not thrown off but remain attached to it. Indeed, the dead leaves not only remain *in situ*, but they are still firmly attached. Being dead and withered, they give the impression that the least shock would detach them; on the contrary, however, they will often bear a weight of as much as two pounds without coming off. In evergreen species the conditions are in many respects different.

When we have an early fall of snow in autumn the trees which still retain their leaves are often very much broken down. Hence, perhaps the comparative paucity of evergreens to have smooth and glossy leaves such as holly, box and evergreen oak. Holly leaves especially retain the snow, on which more and more accumulates. Again, evergreen leaves sometimes remain on the tree for several years; for instance, in the Scotch pine three or four years, the spruce and silver fir six or seven years, the yew eight, *Pinus* sixteen or seventeen, *arbutus* and others even longer. It is true that during the later years they gradually dry and wither; still, under the circumstances they naturally require special protection. They are as a general rule, tough and even leathery.

In many species, again, as is the case with our holly, they are spinose. This serves as a protection from browsing animals; and in this way we can, I think, explain the curious fact that, while young hollies have spiny leaves, those of the older trees, which are out of the reach of browsing animals, tend to become quite unarmed. In confirmation of this I may also add the fact that while in the evergreen oak the leaves on well grown trees are entire and smooth edged like those of the laurel, specimens which are cropped and kept low form scrubby bushes with hard, prickly leaves.

Reaction is the law of life. Silence is the virtue of the weak. A hungry man is an angry man. A great ship must have deep water. A great reputation is a great charge. A jest driven too far brings home hate.

Temperate anger well becomes the wise. The unfortunate are always egotistical. In political crises pity is called treason.

"A word fitly spoken, how good is it!" In art, execution is only temperament. No man is wise or safe but he that is honest.

Hope is a dream of those who are awake. To vaunt your pedigree is to praise others. Reverie is to thoughts what hysteria is to love.

When fortune brings you a coat it should fit. The unexpected is one of the sources of genius.

To pardon an old injury is to provoke a new one. To him that lives well every form of life is good.

Friendship is woven fast by interwoven benefits. Those who have known real grief seldom seem sad.

Good-breeding is a letter of credit all over the world. It is not hard to draw an eye—it is to paint a look.

The failure of one man is the opportunity of another. What all men should avoid is the "shabby genteel."

Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes him. The science of society consists in respecting its utilities.

What the crowd wants is a high order of mediocrity. Religion and virtue address themselves to reason.

Desperation is sometimes as powerful an inspirer as genius. Often we see a structure that is worth less than the scaffolding.

Moral courage is the rarest of qualities, and often maligned. One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

Gratitude is a debt we all owe, and but few men pay cheerfully. What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life. Marriage is never a trivial thing—it either increases or diminishes.

Every human being is either a helper or hinderer to his fellow-men. Read the words which inspire better thoughts and healthier feelings.

The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity. Jealousy is the sentiment of poverty, but envy is the instinct of theft.

If you want to write a correct book, submit the proofs to your enemies. It is a good horse that never stumbles, and a good wife that never grumbles.

Fashion and prejudice, vanity and pleasure, corrupt the sentiments of the great. Woman is like the reed which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.

The mind of man seeks the limits of his intelligence; they are at the end of his nose. True love always makes a man better, no matter who the woman is who inspires it.

The necessities that exist are in general, created by the superfluities that are enjoyed. It seems that the men aren't wanted here are the men who aren't wanted in the other world.

There are a few occasions when ceremony may not be easily dispensed with, kindness never. He that does good for god's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

It is the pride, passion and earthiness of our hearts that have spoiled Christian fellowship. A neglected heart is so confused and dark that the little grace which is in it is not ordinarily discernible.

Parents who are ignorant of their duty, will be taught by the misconduct of their children what they ought to have done. Every human soul has the germs of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Why should everyone try to make his own company as agreeable and valuable as possible?—Because it is company that he can never avoid. Many a small man never ceases talking about small sacrifices he makes; but he is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

Never contradict anybody in general society. Rarely do it even at home. Nobody likes to be contradicted even when contradiction is deserved. Compare a very few know a hero when they see him, or even suspect that the loftiest deeds of true heroism are wrought around them every day.

Happiness is not outside but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do. Wicked men are sometimes like mad horses, they would stamp the people of God under their feet, but that the bridle of Providence is in their lips.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another; and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it. Some say that hurt never comes by silence; but they may as well say, that god never comes by speech; for where it is good to speak it is ill to keep silent.

Reaction is the law of life. Silence is the virtue of the weak. A hungry man is an angry man. A great ship must have deep water. A great reputation is a great charge. A jest driven too far brings home hate.

Temperate anger well becomes the wise. The unfortunate are always egotistical. In political crises pity is called treason.

"A word fitly spoken, how good is it!" In art, execution is only temperament. No man is wise or safe but he that is honest.

Hope is a dream of those who are awake. To vaunt your pedigree is to praise others. Reverie is to thoughts what hysteria is to love.

When fortune brings you a coat it should fit. The unexpected is one of the sources of genius.

To pardon an old injury is to provoke a new one. To him that lives well every form of life is good.

Friendship is woven fast by interwoven benefits. Those who have known real grief seldom seem sad.

Good-breeding is a letter of credit all over the world. It is not hard to draw an eye—it is to paint a look.

The failure of one man is the opportunity of another. What all men should avoid is the "shabby genteel."

Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes him. The science of society consists in respecting its utilities.

What the crowd wants is a high order of mediocrity. Religion and virtue address themselves to reason.

Desperation is sometimes as powerful an inspirer as genius. Often we see a structure that is worth less than the scaffolding.

Moral courage is the rarest of qualities, and often maligned. One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

Gratitude is a debt we all owe, and but few men pay cheerfully. What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life. Marriage is never a trivial thing—it either increases or diminishes.

Every human being is either a helper or hinderer to his fellow-men. Read the words which inspire better thoughts and healthier feelings.

The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity. Jealousy is the sentiment of poverty, but envy is the instinct of theft.

If you want to write a correct book, submit the proofs to your enemies. It is a good horse that never stumbles, and a good wife that never grumbles.

Fashion and prejudice, vanity and pleasure, corrupt the sentiments of the great. Woman is like the reed which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.

The mind of man seeks the limits of his intelligence; they are at the end of his nose. True love always makes a man better, no matter who the woman is who inspires it.

The necessities that exist are in general, created by the superfluities that are enjoyed. It seems that the men aren't wanted here are the men who aren't wanted in the other world.

There are a few occasions when ceremony may not be easily dispensed with, kindness never. He that does good for god's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

It is the pride, passion and earthiness of our hearts that have spoiled Christian fellowship. A neglected heart is so confused and dark that the little grace which is in it is not ordinarily discernible.

Parents who are ignorant of their duty, will be taught by the misconduct of their children what they ought to have done. Every human soul has the germs of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Why should everyone try to make his own company as agreeable and valuable as possible?—Because it is company that he can never avoid. Many a small man never ceases talking about small sacrifices he makes; but he is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

Never contradict anybody in general society. Rarely do it even at home. Nobody likes to be contradicted even when contradiction is deserved. Compare a very few know a hero when they see him, or even suspect that the loftiest deeds of true heroism are wrought around them every day.

Happiness is not outside but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do. Wicked men are sometimes like mad horses, they would stamp the people of God under their feet, but that the bridle of Providence is in their lips.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another; and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it. Some say that hurt never comes by silence; but they may as well say, that god never comes by speech; for where it is good to speak it is ill to keep silent.